RUSH FOR BASIL BRUSH — CENTRE PAGES!

TV COMIC

9p

Every Monday

Week ending 12th June 1976

Number 1278

TOM and JERRY

BASH!

MISSED!

GULP

KER-BAM!

MISSED AGAIN!

ANOTHER MISS ... YOU'RE LOSING YOUR TOUCH!

GEE! YOU LOOK IN A BAD WAY, TOM!

I'M EXHAUSTED!

THUD!

COME ON, GET UP ... YOU LOOK WASHED OUT ... THE TROUBLE IS YOU'RE NOT GETTING THE RIGHT KIND OF SLEEP!

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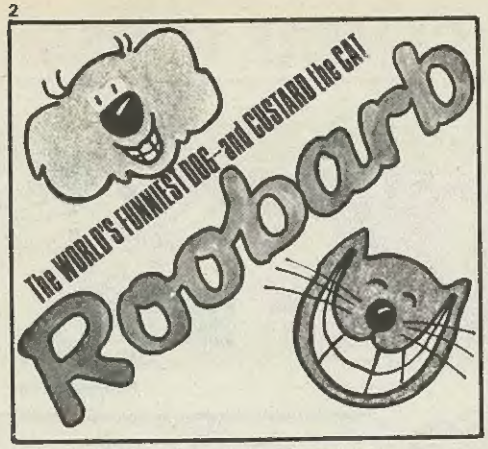
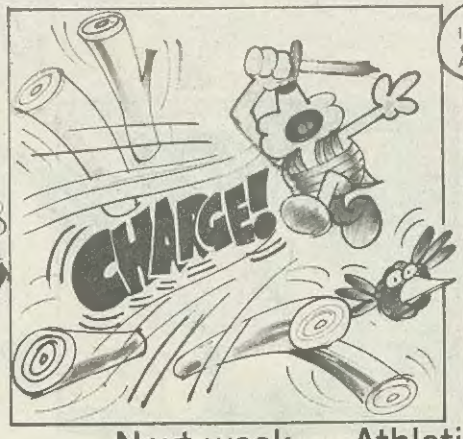
Don't miss the back cover



SOON...
EXACTLY WHO ARE WE DEFENDING THE GARDEN FROM, ROOBARBIUS?
WHY, THOSE UNRULY BIRDS, SERGEANT CUSTARDIUS! WE'LL FORM A PATROL TO HUNT THEM DOWN!



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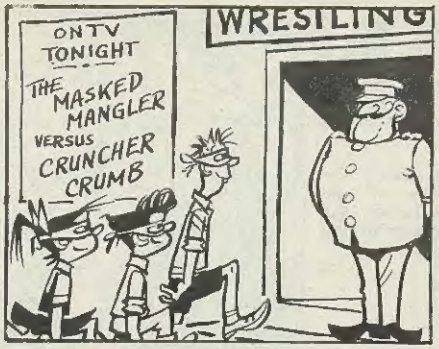
Next week — Athletics Antics, and laughs

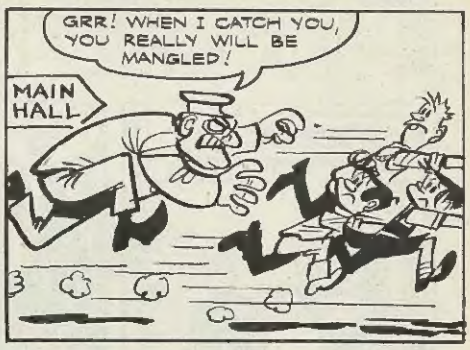
TV Terrors


ON TV TONIGHT
THE MASKED MANGLER
VERSUS
CRUNCHER CRUMB
WRESTLING

HOPPIT, YOU KIDS! YOU'RE NOT COMING IN HERE!
OH YES WE ARE— WE'RE THE MASKED MANGLER'S CHILDREN AND HE'LL BASH YOU IF YOU DON'T LET US IN!

THE M-MASKED M-MANGLER! SORRY, K-KIDS! C-COME IN!

HA, HA! THAT FOOLED HIM!
THE TV TERRORS!


GRR! WHEN I CATCH YOU, YOU REALLY WILL BE MANGLED!
MAIN HALL

MEANWHILE...
OH, DEAR! THE MASKED MANGLER HAS JUST 'PHONED UP TO SAY HE'S TRIPPED OVER A DAISY AND FRACTURED HIS LEFT TOE-NAIL! I MUST FIND SOME-ONE TO REPLACE HIM!
MANAGE OFFICE

AHA! NOW I'VE GOT YOU!
HALLO! THIS LOOKS LIKE THE VERY MAN!

COME WITH ME, MY MAN!
DRESSING ROOMS
WHAT...?

LATER...
HOPPIT SEEMS TO HAVE HOPPED IT! LET'S GO AND GET THE MANGLER'S AUTOGRAPH!
HERE COMES THE MASKED MANGLER!
BOO!
BOO!

I'VE 'EARD OF THIS BLOKE! I'M KEEPING AWAY FROM HIM!

PLEASE, MISTER MANGLER, CAN I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?
NO— HOPPIT!

HOPPIT? IT CAN'T BE...
IT IS!
COO! THAT AIN'T THE MASKED MANGLER!

I'LL SOON FIX THIS GEEZER!

LOOKS LIKE HOPPIT IS A BIT TIED UP THIS WEEK!
YEAH! HE LOOKS TOO ROPEY TO GIVE US HIS AUTOGRAPH!

TARZAN

MATURA has already sent out one of his evil warriors to destroy Tarzan. But Wona was not match for the Lord of the Jungle.

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MIGHTY MOTH

MY CLOTHES — RUINED!

JUST YOU WAIT! I'VE THOUGHT OF A WAY TO STARVE YOU OUT!

NEXT DAY...
I'LL KEEP MY CLOTHES IN THERE!

GROO! I'M HUNGRY!

C'MON, DAD — JUST A TEENY-WEENY TABLE NAPKIN!

CLEAR OFF! HA! HA! HA!
PROD!
OUCH!

THAT NIGHT...
TIME FOR BED. I'LL GET MY PYJAMAS OUT OF THE SAFE

NOW LET ME SEE — THE COMBINATION NUMBER IS ER... 25298.

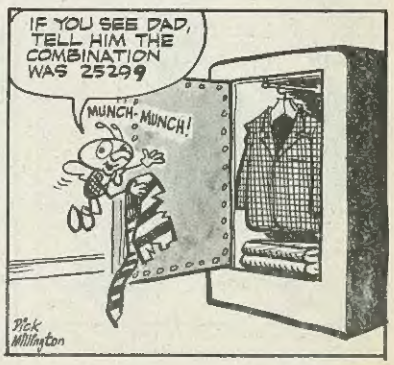
...OR IS IT 35298?
CLICK-CLICK

MAYBE IT'S 35299!

AN HOUR LATER...
IT'S NO USE. I'LL HAVE TO BLOW IT OPEN!
IDEA!
DYNAMITE

HEY, OFFICER, THERE'S A BURGLAR IN THERE!

BUT, OFFICER, I'M ONLY GETTING MY PYJAMAS!
A LIKELY STORY!


IF YOU SEE DAD, TELL HIM THE COMBINATION WAS 25299
MUNCH-MUNCH!
Dick Millington

BARNEY BEAR

LOOK WHAT I'VE FOUND AMONG MY SHRUBS, BARNEY!
HUH! SO WHAT? IT'S ONLY A TORTOISE!
SOON...
LOOK WHAT I'VE FOUND AMONG MY SHRUBS, MOOSE!
A SNAIL!
BUT THAT'S NOT AS GOOD AS FINDING A TORTOISE!
WELL, I ADMIT IT'S NOT AS BIG, BUT IT'S FASTER!
DON'T BE DAFT! MY TORTOISE COULD BEAT YOUR SNAIL ANY DAY!
OH, YEAH? WELL LET THEM HAVE A RACE AND WE'LL SEE!
ALL READY FOR THE THREE YARD SPRINT!
ON YOUR MARKS—GET SET—GO!
MY TORTOISE HAS TAKEN AN EARLY LEAD!
MEVIN
BUT NOW IT'S GETTING PUFFED! MY SNAIL IS CATCHING UP!
HA! HA! MY TORTOISE IS IN YOUR SNAIL'S PATH! IT CAN'T GET PAST!
BUT MY SNAIL IS RACING OVER YOUR TORTOISE'S BACK!
AND IT'S WON!
IT WAS ONLY A FRIENDLY RACE, BUT IF BARNEY WINS ANYTHING HE ALWAYS MAKES A BIG FUSS ABOUT IT!
1
2
3

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Barney walks into trouble next week

PINK PANTHER
JOB CENTRE
THERE'S A CLERICAL JOB GOING AT THE OFFICE OF NETTLE AND RASH, SOLICITORS.
I REALLY WANTED AN OPEN-AIR JOB.
WELL YOU CAN'T BE CHOOSY NOWADAYS.
SO...
I'M THE NEW CLERK.
COME IN.
NETTLE AND RASH
WHERE SHALL I SIT?
I'M AFRAID WE'RE RATHER CROWDED AT THE MOMENT.
I WONDER IF YOU'D MIND SITTING OUT THERE.
EH?
THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
HEY, LOOK! THERE'S SOMEONE OUT ON THAT LEDGE!
I'LL DIAL 999!
SO...
FIRE
KEEP BACK! KEEP BACK!
GET THAT LADDER UP-QUICK!
BUT...
HANG ON! I'LL SOON BE WITH YOU!
YOU'VE GOT THIS ALL WRONG!
HOORAY!
WELL DONE, BIGGS!
BANK
REALLY, MR PANTHER! HOW DARE YOU LEAVE YOUR PLACE OF WORK WITHOUT PERMISSION! YOU'RE FIRED!
OH, WELL - I REALLY WANTED AN OPEN-AIR JOB ANYWAY!
SM.

© Musch — Geoffrey — D F 1976

DROOPY
GOOD LUCK, DROOPY!
I EAT BATSMEN LIKE HIM FOR BREAKFAST!
OOF!
POOR DROOPY WAS HIT BY A FAST ONE THERE!
CRACK!
I HIT IT! I HIT IT!
CLONK!
THAT DIDN'T DO HIM MUCH GOOD EITHER!
I WISH HE'D GET OUT! WE DON'T NEED THE RUNS THAT BADLY!
HE'S OUT OF HIS CREASE! I'LL STUMP HIM!
MISSED!
BONK!
LET YOURSELF GET OUT, DROOPY!
LATER...
A BRAVE INNINGS, DROOPY, BUT WHY DO YOU KEEP PLAYING WHEN YOU'RE NOT REALLY UP TO IT?
I LIKE THE DAINTY TEAS THEY SERVE DURING THE INTERVAL!

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A riot of fun at the Fair — soon

Nelly AND HER Telly

BASIL BRUSH

THIS IS A SUPER PLACE TO HAVE LUNCH, CHUMMERS!
YEAH! IT 'AS A NICE VIEW OF THE BEACH!

CAN I TAKE YOUR ORDER, GENTLEMEN?
YES, PLEASE. I'LL HAVE STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE AND MY FRIEND WILL HAVE FISH AND...

WHOOOO!
WHASSAT?
IT'S THE SIREN THEY SOUND WHEN THERE'S A SWIMMER IN DIFFICULTIES!

WH...WHY ARE YOU TAKING YOUR CLOTHES OFF?

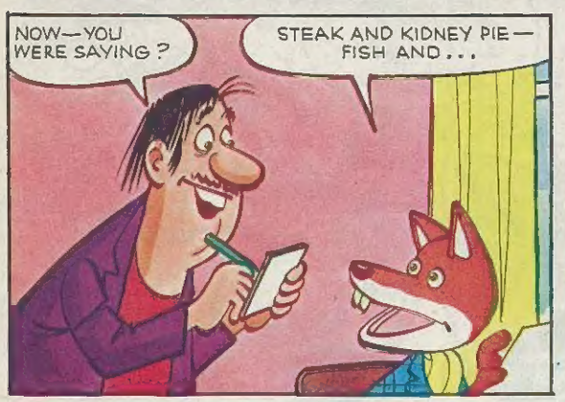
I'M THE LIFEGUARD AS WELL AS THE WAITER!

THANK YOU FOR RESCUING ME— GASP!

NOW, WHERE WERE WE?
I'LL HAVE STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE AND MY FRIEND IS HAVING FISH AND...

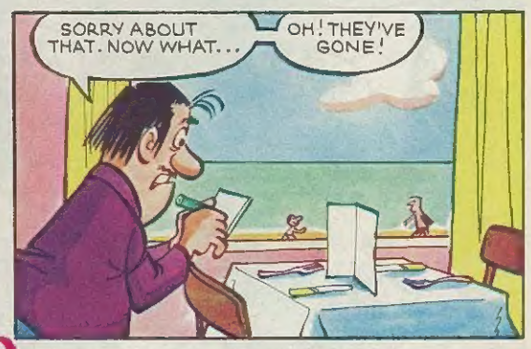
WHOOOO!
HERE WE GO AGAIN!

MY WATER-SKI ROPE BROKE! THANKS FOR BRINGING ME IN!
BEACH RESTAU

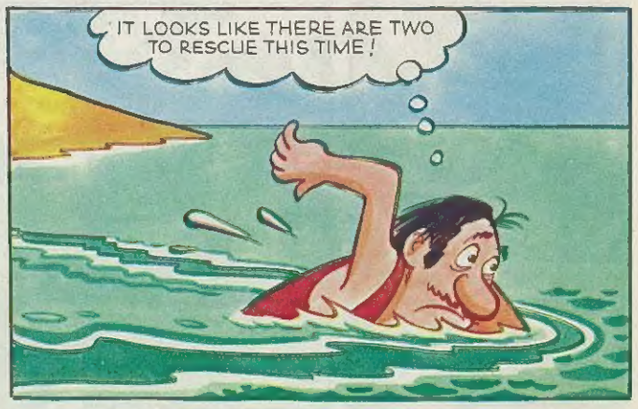

NOW—YOU WERE SAYING?
STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE— FISH AND...

WHOOO!
SORRY ABOUT THIS!
REALLY!

NOW REMEMBER—DON'T GO OUT OF YOUR DEPTH IN AN AIR-BED ANY MORE!


SORRY ABOUT THAT. NOW WHAT...
OH! THEY'VE GONE!

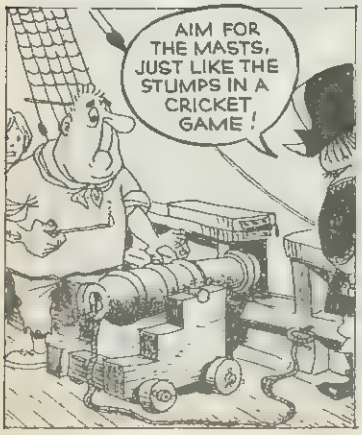
WHOOOO!
NOT AGAIN!

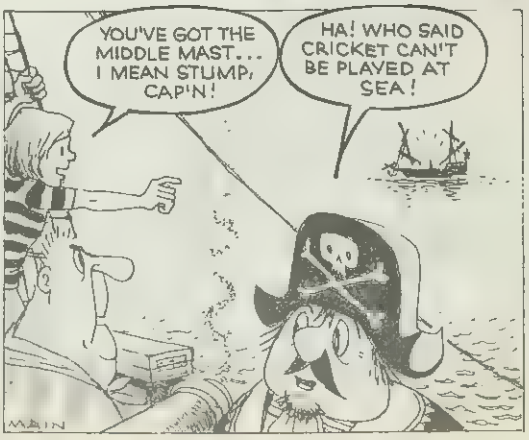

IT LOOKS LIKE THERE ARE TWO TO RESCUE THIS TIME!

IT'S YOU TWO! I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN DIFFICULTIES!
WE ARE! WE CAN'T GET ANYTHING TO EAT!

I'LL HAVE STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE AND MY FRIEND WILL HAVE FISH AND CHIPS!
NOW WE'RE OUT 'ERE WE MIGHT AS WELL STAY, SO BRING IT OUT ON A FLOATIN' TRAY!

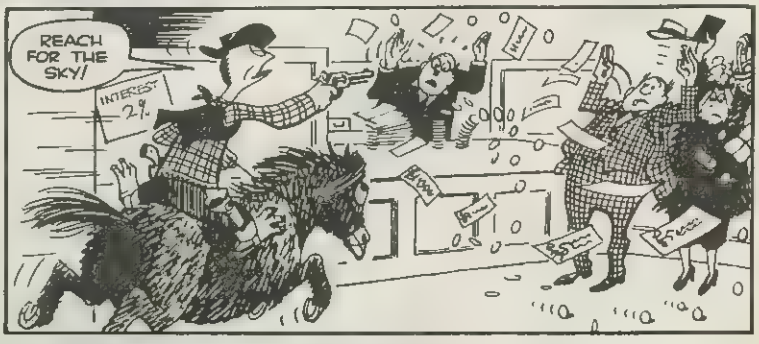
Captain PUGWA$H

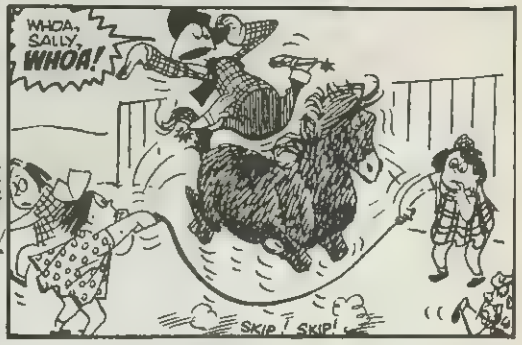




LOCHY

THE FUNNY WEE MONSTER

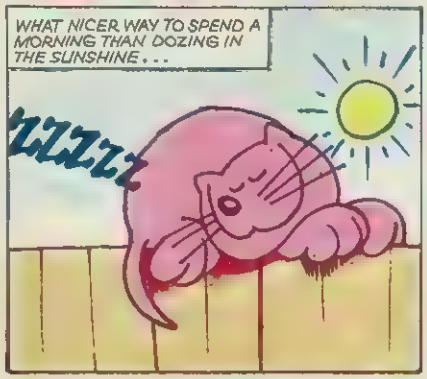


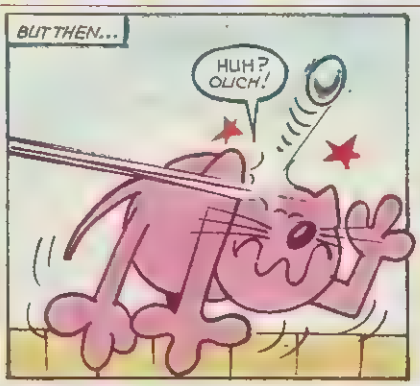


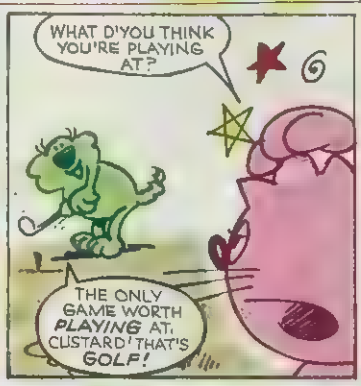
Next week: A little dig that's mighty BIG

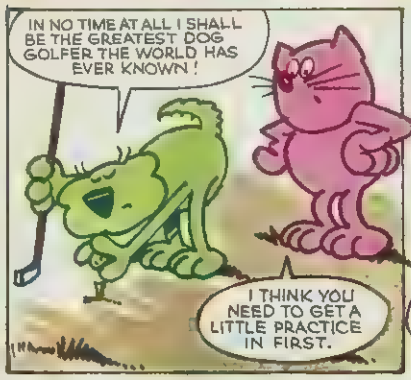
THE WORLD'S FUNNIEST DOG-and CUSTARD the CAT

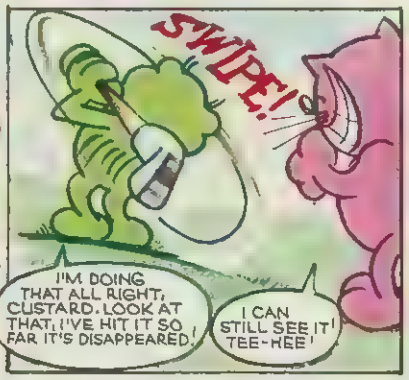
Roobarb

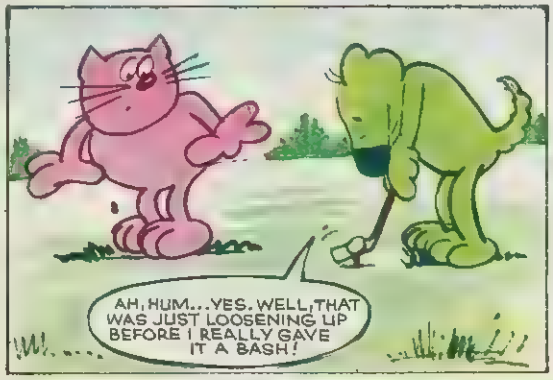


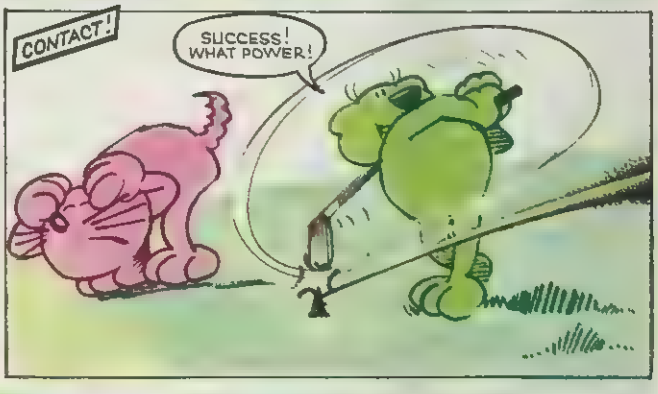


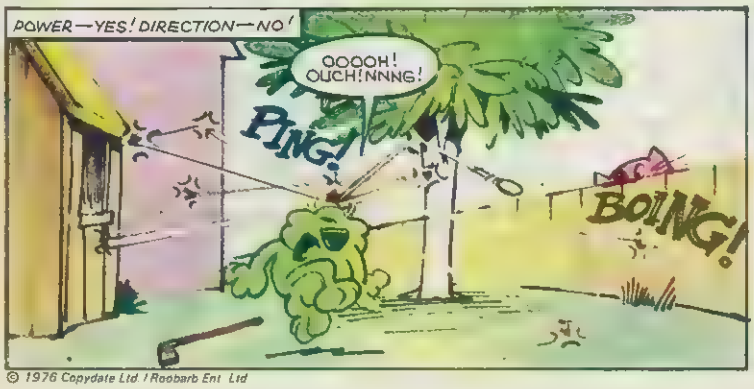



IN NO TIME AT ALL I SHALL BE THE GREATEST DOG GOLFER THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN!
I THINK YOU NEED TO GET A LITTLE PRACTICE IN FIRST.









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LAUREL & HARDY

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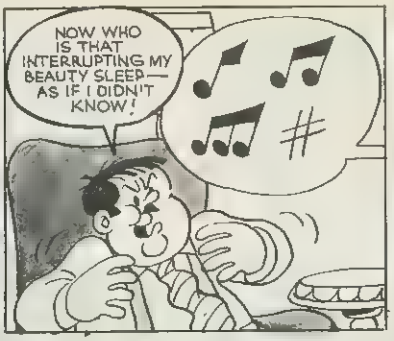

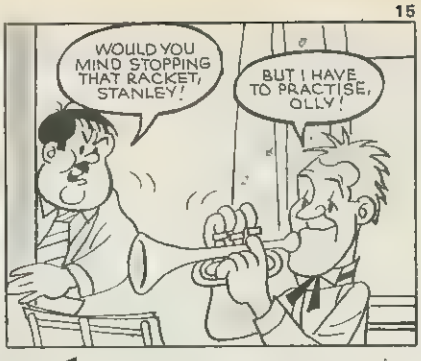

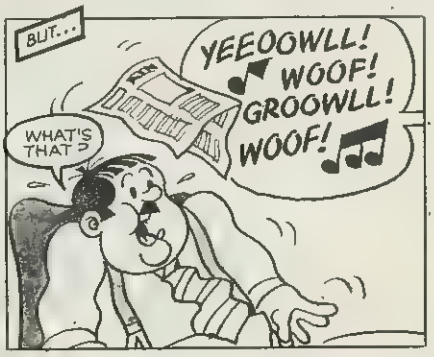

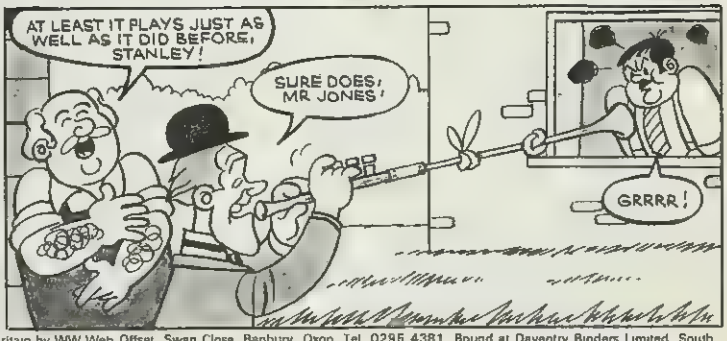

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Readers' Jokes

WIN £1

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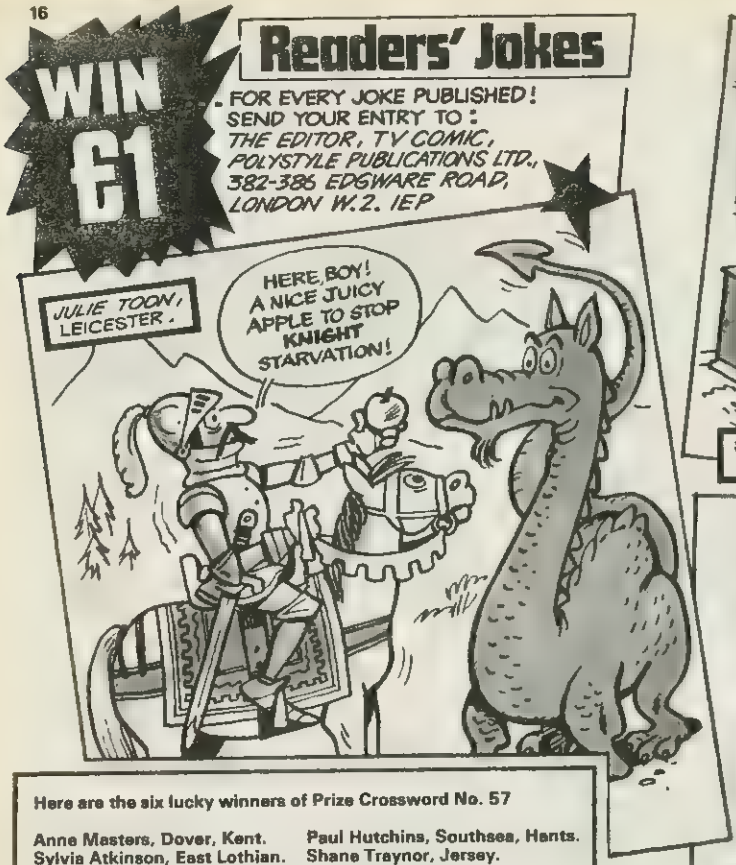

IT SAYS YOU HAVE TO DRINK THE MEDICINE AFTER A BATH, BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'LL BE ABLE TO DRINK ANY MORE AFTER THAT!
SUZANNE FITCH, POTTERS BAR.

Here are the six lucky winners of Prize Crossword No. 57

Anne Masters, Dover, Kent.
Sylvia Atkinson, East Lothian.
Pauline Gray, Basildon, Essex.
Paul Hutchins, Southsea, Hants.
Shane Traynor, Jersey.
Michael Ellison, Preston, Lancs.

The FABULOUS FOURSOME!

Make sure YOU don't miss out on all the fun-filled laughs with these super Holiday Specials featuring your TV favourites! They're in the shops now! Price 25p each!

POPEYE
WASSUP, OLIVE? YOU SURE LOOK CHOKED.
I'VE LOST MY PEARL CHOKER, POPEYE! I WAS WEARING IT WHEN I CAME OUT!
1033
IT DON'T SEEM TO BE ON THE PIER. MEBBE IT FELL THROUGH THE PLANKS AND IS SOMEWHERE DOWN HERE!
IT DON'T APPEAR TO BE DOWN HERE EITHER!
NO LUCK, DUCKS!
OH DEAR! THE TIDE MUST HAVE TAKEN IT OUT. I'VE LOST IT, I FEAR!
NO, YOU AIN'T! I'VE JEST HAD AN IDEA!
SINCE WHEN HAVE YOU BIN WORKIN' ON THE DREDGER, POPEYE?
SINCE OLIVE LOST HER PEARL CHOKER! I'M DIGGIN' UP THE SEABED TO FIND IT!
HERE, LET ME COME ABOARD AND HELP YOU INTO IT! ERF! ERF!
SPLAT!
WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID? I DIDN'T QUITE CATCH IT!
GLUCK GLUB!
BOK!
THEN CATCH THIS INSTEAD!
SHUCKS! HE'S COMIN' BACK AGAIN! THIS BOAT AIN'T BIG ENOUGH FER THE TWO OF US! I'M GETTIN' OUTTA HERE!
SPLAT!
OH ME, OH MY, POPEYE! IT'S MY PEARL CHOKER!
I'M SO HAPPY NOW THAT I HAVE MY CHOKER BACK!
ARF! ARF! I KNOW SOMEBODY WHO AIN'T! IN FACT HE'S PROPER CHOKED!

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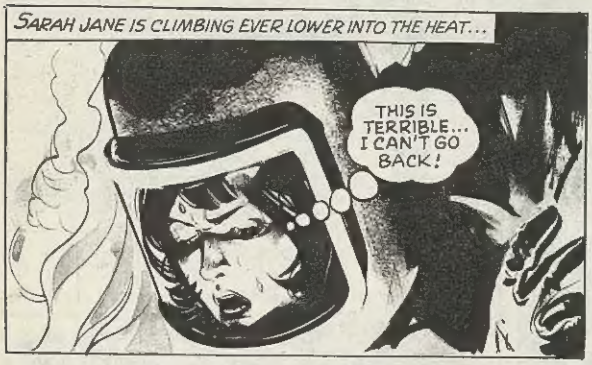
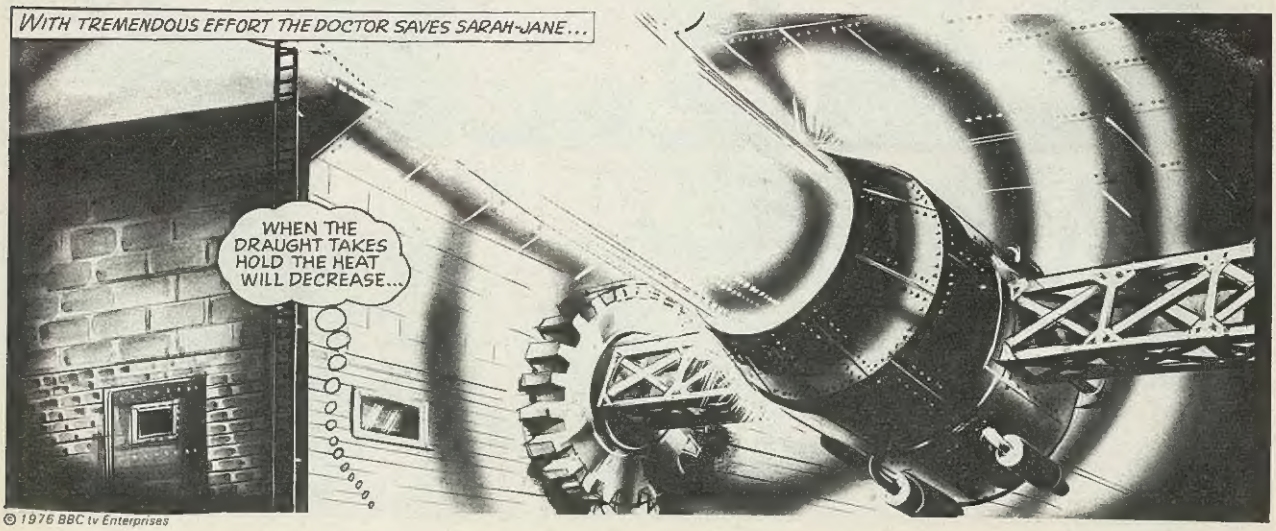
Dr WHO
SIR Julian Hubert's excavations have started the buried mechanism of his Victorian ancestor. To stop the flames burning up the countryside, The Doctor has taken Sir Julian down the hidden shaft under the tower. The Doctor is re-directing the flame. What he doesn't know is that Sarah-Jane is also making her descent . . .





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SECONDS LATER...
THANK GOODNESS! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? NOW LET'S GET SIR JULIAN AND GET OUT OF HERE!
WE'VE ONLY DONE HALF THE JOB SO FAR.
WHAT HAPPENS NEXT, DOCTOR?
SO 'HUBERT'S FOLLY' HAD A PURPOSE AFTER ALL! WILL IT HOLD OUT?
THIS TUNNEL HAS TO BE SEALED IN DOUBLE QUICK TIME!
WHAT'S THE ANSWER TO THAT, DOCTOR?
THAT DEPENDS ON WHETHER WE CAN GET THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF QUICK-DRYING CEMENT, YOUNG MAN!
NOT LONG AFTER...
LOOK, DOCTOR! THE STACK IS BEGINNING TO DISINTEGRATE!

CLIMAX — The Doctor enters the Towering Inferno

HERE YOU ARE, TOM... DRINK THIS ORICKS. IT'LL GIVE YOU A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP!
TOM
NEXT MORNING...
JERRY WAS RIGHT! ALL I NEEDED WAS A TONIC... I FEEL GREAT! NOW WHERE'S THAT LITTLE RODENT.
WOW! HERE WE GO AGAIN!
GOT YER! MY CONFIDENCE IS BACK!
WHAM
NOW FOR A LITTLE TARGET PRACTICE!
RIGHT... STAND THERE! I'M AIMING RIGHT AT YOUR LEFT EYEBROW!
CRASH!
PHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
BOK!
YOU LITTLE RUNT...
CLUNK
ZZZZZ
SO LONG, TOM! WHEN YOU WAKE UP YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE AN AWFUL HEAD-ACHE... BECAUSE YOU'RE STILL NOT GETTING THE RIGHT KIND OF SLEEP!
B. Titcombe

A RECEPTACLE
PRESENTATION